

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sife him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* overcome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commision to imploy those souldiers
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'll read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together,
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,
I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What is but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art.
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

*To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beau-
tified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in
her excellent white bosome, these &c.*

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,

Doubt thou the starres are fire,

Letter.

Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,

Doubt truth to be a lyer,

But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon
my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best belieue it, adew.
Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, *(Hamlet.)*
And more about hath his solicitings.

As.